

he intends to follow, distinction surely awaits him.

If a man will compare himself, as he is, to the man among men whom he desires to be, he cannot be otherwise than impressed with the vast difference between himself and his aspirations; then, the man of energy will labor unceasingly to close and narrow up the gap he has found, and by perseverance he will reach the height, which in the long ago was looked upon by him as a dizzy eminence.

Talent, or rather well educated men, are at a premium in this country, and even though the man possessed of money has considerable influence, the man who combines education and wealth is the man with whom the man of money cannot successfully contend. The man who has the energy to procure a thorough education, is prepared to fight the battle of life in such a manner that he can take advantage of many things which are denied the illiterate or uninformed. PAUL.

OUR COLLEGE NEWS.

—Prof. explaining how to generate frictional electricity: "The wool on a cat's skin is good, or most any other kind of fur."

—Chancellor Benton delivered an address on the evening of the 20th inst., before the Faculty and students of the Normal School.

—One of our most eloquent ministers astonished his congregation a couple of Sundays ago, by announcing, "We will now sing the benediction."

—Mr. Young of the firm of Young and Chase has been photographing the different rooms in the University, to send to the Centennial next month.

—Those finding D. B. marked on their STUDENTS will know their subscriptions have been due for some time, and will please interview Bro. J. L. Shank.

—We saw a couple of ducks out in the last snow storm. They appeared to enjoy the coagulated H₂O better than if it had been in the liquid form. One of them was of the wild species.

—Student in German translates *Kratzen sich hinter die Ohren, kratzen aber wenig verstand heraus*. He scratched himself behind the ear and accidentally scratched something out.

—The Seniors have been orating us for a month past, and if we can judge of their success in life by their success in orating, it will be assured. Some of them delivered abler and more scholarly addresses, than many of the transient orators that we are blest(?) with.

—The weather continues to be the principal topic of conversation, and we believe the clerk must be a resident of Washington, and has been corrupted by the coal dealers, umbrella dealers and all the other kinds of dealers as we have all varieties of weather from the torrid to the frigid in less than twenty-four hours.

—The local of the State Journal, in speaking of a grasshoppered sufferer, declares he was a novice in the art of begging "because he stopped some of the University and High School girls, and solicited alms from them when they had not had a cent for months." What makes you think so, friend Local. Is it because none of them have asked you out to sociable? Or have you asked them to a free lecture, and they did not have a (con)cent for you?

—At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the STUDENT, Wayland Bailey, Business Manager, resigned, on account of having more on his hands than he could attend to. The editors take charge of all the business, and agree to run the paper financially.

—It is amusing to see one of the Sophs who is a constant visitor in the Mulligan class. He goes to the Chancellor's bookcase, takes out a book, (he isn't particular what it is,) seats himself opposite a certain young lady, and with his book upside down, he puts in an hour of very diligent study.

—Scene—Recitation room before the opening of the recitation. Stove surrounded by one of our much loved Profs and two young ladies.

Prof. (very confidentially)—You ladies may proceed with this after you have completed the first subject, and I will try and pound something into the boys today.

Prof. Pryor's Dancing Academy is on cor. 11th and M strs. Dancing School Saturday afternoons from 12 till 5; Tuesday evenings from 8 till 10. The professor very respectfully invites all those who desire to cultivate this art to call and see him. Terms are very liberal. Private lessons are given at any time. Students, call and see the Prof. if

—We are under obligations to the Publishing House of S. C. Griggs and Co., No. 25, Washington Street, Chicago; for a copy of Robert's Rules of Order. It is a very neatly bound volume, and all who expect to have anything to do in public affairs should have a copy. The publishers send it post-paid for 75 cts.

—A dignified Junior, who wears a plug hat, was in a shoemaker's to be shod, when a Prep. happened to call into the same place. After the Junior went out, the shoemaker asked which one of the Profs he was. Prep. assured him that he was only a student. "Way," answered the shoemaker, "I had always supposed, judging from his dignified bearing and the fine language he uses, that he was one of the leading Professors."

—One of the Seniors, while in the Sanctum, the other day, picked up the manuscript of the piece in this issue, entitled, "Is the Love of One's Country an Opinion?" He glanced over it until he came to "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, etc."—Scott. "Scott! Scott! Why what Scott is that? I didn't know there was a poet by that name in the University." The devil suggested that it was an extract from Sir Walter Scott. Senior.—Oh yes! I have often read it, I wonder that I should be so forgetful. Let me see, which of his novels is that in?

—We should not be surprised if we would have to chronicle the sudden departure of an active member of one of the literary societies, to the farther shore of the Styx, judging from the looks that one of the boys cast at him, the other evening, on entering the society. The cause of the misunderstanding was, that the first went to No. 2 about the end of the week, and proposed that they should change partners for Friday night. No. 2 assented, and No. 1 immediately secured his company, but No. 2, supposing there was no hurry, did not apply until Friday morning, when he was answered with a "previous engagement." He has been practicing in the gymnasium ever since.

Nell.

Rolling blue-eyed Nell,
Mocking, blooming Nell,
What makes you smile
So all the while
As the dropping sunlight free?
Your heart, I know,
Is all aglow
With a warmth that burns for me;
And still you keep
Your bosom deep
Like a rippling summer sea.

L.

The writer of the above effusion said he didn't want it put in the personal column, as there was nothing personal in it, but it was dedicated to Nells in general.

—The long vacation of the Agricultural College is near a close, as that department of the University opens with the spring term, Monday, April 3. This winter is the first time that the long vacation of the Agricultural Department came during the winter term of the University. The change was made so that the agricultural students could teach a winter term of school and then be on the farm all summer, when their assistance is most needed. Mr. Culbertson, Foreman of the Farm, informed us some three weeks ago, that as many as could be accommodated had applied for admission.

—One of our grave and reverend seniors was returning to his boarding house about ten o'clock the other evening and took a cut-off whereby he had to cross where there had been a fence, but now only the lower board remains. He was absorbed in some deep topic, and the consequence was, that when he struck that board he turned fourteen summersets, more or less, and brought up with his head wedged in the farther corner of the lot. This is the second time that Senior has performed over that same board, to our certain knowledge. We would advise him to keep the sidewalk after night.

—Some of the students from one of the dormitories attended a social hop not long ago, at which one of their number was introduced to a lady, who he thought was rather nice. When he was introduced, he understood (probably wishing it to be so) that she had the appellation of Miss, so he flirted all the evening with her, and enjoyed himself immensely. The next morning, his room mate informed him that she was a married woman, and the probabilities were that he would get himself into trouble, if her husband heard of it. He kept his room for three days, and now he says, "There is no fun in attending dances, and I won't go to any more."

—On the evening of the 3d inst., the members of the Ladies' Literary Union gave another of their incomparable socials, and we heard a great many say it was the best social they had ever attended. The committee of arrangements did every thing in their power, to have all enjoy themselves, by furnishing games, consisting of chess, checkers, backgammon, etc., introducing everybody to everybody else, and making all feel at home. On account of the very disagreeable condition of the streets, which were covered with mud, there was not as large a crowd out as there usually is at their socials, but it was all the better on that account, for there were as many out as could be comfortably accommodated in the hall. Amongst the many attractions of the evening, we noticed a fine collection of art, and from the number who thronged around the art table, we would judge they were much pleased by

the display. The evening was quite pleasant, and we were informed, the view from the cupola was very fine, so many took advantage of the opportunity, to view the city by moonlight. One of the most pleasant features of the entertainment of the evening was the vocal and instrumental music, furnished by Miss Hitchcock and Miss Candia. At half past nine the committee passed around refreshments, which consisted of fruits, nuts, candies, cakes, etc., and after every one had eaten, and pocketed all he could, we don't believe twelve baskets would have held the fragments that were left. The hour for parting finally came, and we had to turn our reluctant steps towards home, to take up our text books with renewed energy.

—With all the labors and cares which fall to the lot of editors, there are also intermingled some of the pleasures of life. A pleasant incident, and one that will shed its benign rays upon our pathway for many days to come, was the storming of our sanctum, a few days since, by some of the fair ones of our school. The editor, with his accustomed gallantry, gave up to his visitors the easy chairs, and himself mounted the tripod. We felt highly flattered by the remarks of the ladies, complimenting the general appearance of the editorial room. After enjoying for a time the sweets of social communion, the foreman of the job office appeared and conducted the ladies through the establishment explaining to them the mysteries of the trade. The ex-editor expatiated with his usual volubility upon the grandness of the press as an elevating and purifying power. We are always glad to welcome visitors, and can only say, good friends, come again.

PERSONAL.

—Jim Irwin has returned from Washington, where he had a clerkship in the Pension Department, under Commissioner Atkinson. He came back to fill a position in the counting room of the Journal Company.

—Miss Emma Williams is in the city visiting her many friends. She will stay about three weeks, when she returns to Pawnee to teach in the city school.

—W. H. B. Crow closed his school at Rock Creek a couple of weeks ago, and returned to his home in Greenwood, Iowa.

—Frank Boies called around last week to visit old friends. Frank prefers grangering, on the ice and in a sleigh, to attending school, and he certainly looks healthier.

—It is rumored that Delos Smith was married lately to a lady of Brownville, but we cannot vouch for the truth of the rumor. Would like to hear from you, Delos—one dollar a year.

—Robert Holt returned to his old home in Falls City, a short time ago, from Missouri, where he had been visiting for some time.

—Professor in Political Economy—"Mr. F., will you please mention, from your own experience, some of those articles whose prices are increased by the revenue tax, while the wages of the producer remains the same—some commodity with which you are familiar?" Mr. F. (in a moment of unguarded inspiration)—"Liquors." Professor—"That is correct, sir." Since that fatal committal, F. has had a pensive, poetical look in his eye and an undertone of sadness in his voice.—Ez.